

What Steve Wants by Harry Truman Wilson

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Summary:

Steve comes back from college to see his lovers, Nancy and Jonathan. But Steve has questions about their relationship. Is Steve ready to be that...different...from what he was? Is this really what Steve wants?

Post-Season 2, Stoncy angst and a bit more for you too.

What Steve Wants

Author's Note:

So, this is a few sections of a larger fan-fiction I'm working on. It's called Mutually Assured Destruction, and is a sequel to my other story, Stranger Things in a Cabin in the Woods. Hopefully I'll get that done (eventually) but I looked over this part and thought this might be good as a Stoncy one shot. And, who doesn't want more Stoncy one-shots? So...here ya go! Hope you enjoy!

Steve groaned audibly as he walked into the lecture hall. There were only about five people total in there, and the professor was shuffling paper around, waiting for the time to reach 2:15. Steve wasn't doing great with college life, but not having bells, and professors not being mad at you for being late and missing school he was definitely enjoying. He also had to pass at least some of his courses though, and the professor of *Introduction to Political Science* had promised that anything she taught on the last day before Fall Break would be on their quiz when classes resumed. Steve therefore moved right to the front, sat down and took out his notebook. Nancy and Jonathan would be so proud when he told them. But, if he could talk to his high school self, well, that Steve would probably call him a f*cking nerd.

"Class, let's get started shall we. Most of your peers made the unfortunate decision to leave early for Fall Break. Very unfortunate. Now, today's material..." The professor started droning, and Steve tried to take notes for a few minutes, then found himself doodling. Again. This time, he was drawing hearts, with combinations of S's, N's, and J's in them. He also started writing out their names, and mixing them together. Jonathan and Nancy, Jonancy, or Jancy. He liked that. Jancy. Then, Steve and Nancy, well, Stancy worked too. But Steve and Jonathan. Jeeve? No, that was terrible. Stathan. No. Well, he'd have to settle for Stonathan, though, that gave Jonathan a lot of the name. Then again, most of Jonathan pressing up into him... guess that was actually pretty accurate of a title. Now, all three

names together, that was a challenge. Stonathancy? How would you even say that? Janceve? That was terrible, and wasn't even the right order. Maybe...Ston...

"Mr. Harrington!" Steve looked around suddenly, feeling like his innermost thoughts had been caught and exposed. He drew back from the professor's hard glare.

"Ye...yes, Professor Maddox?"

"I asked you if you could define one of the terms I put on the board. I asked all the students to be able to do that for the quiz on Monday..." Steve looked up to see a lot of political science terms in chalk in front of him. He didn't recognize nearly any of them, but he saw one he thought he had taken down earlier in his notes.

"Wait, hold on..." Steve flipped back to last classes notes, and in the middles of several hearts, a bad love poem and a misshapen dinosaur was the definition he was looking for.

"Mutually Assured Destruction...it is a doctrine of policy that says that a full-scale use of nuclear weapons would cause the complete annihilation of both the attacker and the defender..." Professor Maddox seemed to be shocked Steve was even marginally on track and nodded vigorously.

"Yes, very good. This doctrine is implemented by our government with the assumption that the Soviet Union does so as well. We agree we will destroy each other, so we do not push each other to the limits..." The professor returned to droning and Steve smiled at himself, then glanced down at the name in front of him.

"Ston...ancy. I guess I got to settle with that..." Steve murmured. After another thirty minutes of dry lecture, numerous bad drawings and a poor demonstration of note taking skills, the time finally hit 3:15, and Steve quickly packed up his bag and hurried toward the door.

"Remember, you have a quiz on Monday! And study the terms here!" Steve groaned, pulled back out his notebook and took down the terms before he rushed out back to his dorm room. Tommy was there

talking with his latest girl on his bed, and he barely glanced up as Steve burst into the room and hurriedly filled a duffle back and small suitcase.

“D*mn Steve,” Thomas asked, “You going back to Hawkins already?”

“I’ve only been back three times, Tommy...”

“Nancy came up here last weekend. And before that it was guy you like, uh, Jonathan?”

“I don’t “like” him. He’s just my friend. I’m not a faggot...”

“Whoa, whoa, Steve...” Tommy threw out one hand while starting to use the other to stroke the girl next to him, “Look, I’ve been talking with my gender and sexuality professor, and I’ve found use of a word like faggot to be offensive, Steve. Further, being one of the homosexual community is nothing to be ashamed of...”

“...College really changed you man...”

“Breaking up with Carol was the best advice you have ever given me. I’ve been able to find myself and truly get on a path of life worth living. And, I’ve really become interested in philosophy...”

“Huh! I’m a philosophy major! And gender and sexuality studies major too!” the girl said. Steve rolled his eyes, Tommy’s comments and purpose now clear, and gathered his things and started for the door.

“Try not to make too much of a mess in here with...uh...” Steve signaled to the girl, who giggled, then smiled.

“I’m El!”

“El? Like, the number?” Steve asked. The girl frowned, then shook her head.

“No, silly, like Elise.”

“El? What number is “el” man?” Tommy asked.

“...Never mind. Enjoy break man. I’ll see you on Sunday...” Steve turned and rushed out of the door, licking his lips and thinking about Jonathan and himself. Homosexuals...that didn’t seem the right word. But “fag” wasn’t okay anymore apparently, and he was really wondering out the use of the word “queer” too. He didn’t totally understand everything he was feeling. But he thought he knew how he felt about Jonathan and Nancy, and as he flung his bags in his car and got the front seat, he checked his hair and how his breath smelled, then sped off as quickly as he could for Hawkins.

Steve sighed as he pulled up to his house and took a deep breath. If he’d understood the innuendo of Jonathan and Nancy’s earlier comments over the phone, it was just a matter of time before they’d come over that night. Steve could already feel the excitement building in him, and it was starting to press against his jeans as he jumped out and rushed to ready his home. His parents weren’t there now, of course, and the three, well, they would really be isolated. Nothing and no one to catch them in the act...

Steve went to his room first and restocked his nightstand drawers with a supply of condoms and lubricants he’d brought from college. He also went to his fridge and made sure he had a couple types of liquor, and a few cans of beer, just in case Jonathan wanted to sip on or Nancy wanted to shotgun one. Steven then hurried downstairs and turned on the hot tub, just in case they wanted to do it there. Steve also made sure his shower water was hot, just in case...*Just in case...*

As Steve was going back through the kitchen, trying to decide if he needed more snacks, he heard a muted splash, like something had got into his pool. His parents hadn’t quite covered it yet, and he supposed a deer or some animal could have fallen in, which would definitely ruin the mood with Jonathan and Nancy. Steve grabbed a jacket and went out to the pool, taking out a cigarette and looking over the water. He lit his cigarette, took a long lazy draw, then turned on the underwater lights in the pool and saw a huge, horrible shape in the water. Steve screamed, flinging his cigarette away, then started grasping for something to hit the thing with. He found the BBQ fork and wielded it menacingly as the figure emerged from the water.

“What...Byers?” Steve yelled as Jonathan stuck his head up from the

water.

“Wah! Steve! Were you going to use those on me?” Jonathan asked, splashing away from Steve’s weapon.

“I...well...you looked like a monster in there...”

“Nancy and I thought you’d like the surprise...”

“Where is she?”

“Right behind you...” Steve nearly jumped back and sent the BBQ fork flying as Nancy appeared next to the grill.

“Jesus...”

“Be that’s got your testosterone running...”

“What, being scared sh*tless?”

“Well, your heart rate is so high right now...you should have no trouble moving that blood on down...” Nancy kissed Steve gently, then turned his head slowly to Jonathan, who was emerging from the pool, wearing a pair of sopping wet swim trunks, “And just look at how wet Jonathan is...”

“God...What is this, a bad porno?” Steve asked. Nancy let out a laugh, then pulled Steve in close.

“That’s what I was going for...should I have Jonathan deliver a pizza?”

“Deliver a what?” Jonathan asked, moving toward Nancy and Steve. Steve eyed him, then grabbed his arm.

“Of course innocent Byers doesn’t know anything about pornos...” Steve muttered, then pulled Jonathan in and pressed their lips together. After a bit of exploring each other’s mouths and slipping their tongues in and out Steve released the boy and noticed that the shirt he was wearing was now as wet as Jonathan.

“Look what you did, Byers...”

“I...sorry...”

“Come on, let’s get you into something dry...” Steve put a hand on Jonathan’s back, and started pushing him toward his patio door. As soon as he stepped inside, Steve grabbed Jonathan’s trunks and pulled them down. Jonathan tried to hide himself for a second, then Steve grabbed his arms.

“No need to drip all over the house...” Steve said suggestively. He turned back to see Nancy smiling, then he moved quickly to the kitchen chair where he had stacked pool towels, just in case, and tossed one to the naked Jonathan. He watched, tapping his fingers on his jeans and wetting his lips as Jonathan wiped his hair off quickly, then the younger boy covered himself up.

“See, didn’t take much to get you excited...” Nancy said, letting her hands slip around Steve’s waist then started tracing up and down him, “Now, let’s get this wet shirt off...no need to drip all over the house, right?” Nancy slipped her hands under his shirt and pulled it over his head. Her fingers lingered and traced around his hair, and Steve felt his hands start sliding up and down her back as she forcefully undid his belt.

“Should we...uh...go to your room?” Jonathan asked. Steve turned back to see he was drying his hair again, and Steve heard himself moan as his eyes lingered on Jonathan’s crotch.

“I’m sure you’ve got everything we need up there...” Nancy said, unzipping his pants, and starting to work them off Steve’s legs.

“I’m always prepared...just in case...”

Steve sucked in a deep breath. It felt so good. It hurt some, but...in a good way. He supposed. He wanted this, had wanted it for weeks... but *did he*?

Jonathan leaned forward, and kissed Steve’s neck, then slipped his arms around Steve’s chest and pulled him up. Jonathan always wanted to do it that way. Always wanted to nuzzle Steve’s neck and trace along his chest when he was...in him. Steve felt the warmth of

the smaller boy pressing against his back and sides and could smell the sweat and cheap shampoo the boy used. Then, Jonathan thrust, and both boys moaned in pleasure.

Steve's hands were busy as Jonathan went at him: one traced up and down the boy behind him, the other explored between Nancy's legs as she laid out in the bed, watching the two in front of her. Jonathan started pumping fast, and it felt so good, even through the pain. But, was this really what Steve wanted? Was this who Steve was now?

All the days in college, Steve thought about what Jonathan would do to him. And about what Nancy would do and say while Jonathan was doing it. It had excited him so, had inspired more than a few nights of masturbation, but...now that he was here, taking Jonathan, fingering Nancy...was this still what he wanted?

Jonathan seemed to be getting closer, nuzzling more fervently, groaning more loudly, and thrusting harder, and Nancy herself seemed to be squeezing around Steve's fingers. But, just as Jonathan seemed about to finish, Steve suddenly drew his hand from Nancy, pushed Jonathan out of him, and got off his bed.

"Wha, Steve? What are you doing?" Nancy asked, clearly unhappy she hadn't finished. Steve took a few steps and leaned on his room's doorway, then took a deep breath and looked back at the grumpy Nancy, and the embarrassed Jonathan.

"Did...did I hurt you?" Jonathan asked, "I...I'm sorry...I got too..."

"It's not you!" Steve yelled back, "It's...I...I need..."

"Are you okay Steve?" Nancy asked, getting off the bed and moving toward him to touch his arm. Steve drew back from her extended hand, then shook his head. *Is this who you are now? What is it that King Steve even wants anymore?*

"No, I'm not!" Steve countered, then moved to the bathroom and started running water on his sweaty face. When Steve turned off the water, he could see that Nancy had stepped into the bathroom but was trying not to get too close to him. Jonathan meanwhile was sitting on the bed, still hard, but panting and clearly no longer as

excited.

“What’s wrong Steve?” Nancy asked, trying to sound less like a sex partner and more like a friend.

“I...I don’t know...” Steve started, then glanced at Jonathan again, “I...I’m not a fag dammit!” Nancy’s eyes grew wide, and Jonathan looked at him a few moments, then dropped his head.

“Uh...”

“I’m...I’m not one of those...people...like the ones in San Francisco or...or...” Steve wiped his forehead, and sighed, “Maybe I...don’t...this isn’t...for me...” Steve leaned on the sink, and waited. None of the three said anything for a long time. Steve thought Nancy might say, or come up with something, but it was Jonathan that spoke next.

“Do you like me?” Jonathan asked. Steve looked up at him.

“What do you mean, Byers?”

“I mean...do you like...being with me?” Jonathan asked. Steve eyed him for a while, then shrugged.

“Yeah...I do. I really do...” Steve admitted.

“Then, do you like Nancy?” Jonathan asked, looking at the girl. Nancy looked at him, then turned back at Steve.

“Yeah, I like her too...”

“Then...isn’t that enough?”

“Enough? I don’t understand Byers...”

“Well, I don’t know what I am, exactly. In terms of what I like... Nancy and I tried to find the words for it...a word that might say what it means.”

“Bi-sexual...” Nancy said, “That was the word we settled on...”

“Right, I like girls sometimes...” Jonathan said, wringing his hands,

“And I like boys sometimes...”

“Is that what we are Byers?”

“No, Steve. Jonathan’s right. It doesn’t matter. You don’t need a label or definition. If you like me, and you like Jonathan, then that’s all, right? You don’t have to be a fag, or bisexual or queer or whatever. You’re Steve. And Steve likes Jonathan and me, right?” Nancy slipped her arms around Steve, and getting very close to him. He could feel the warmth of her body and their crotches started to rub against each other.

“Yeah...” Steve said, letting Nancy kiss him on the nose, “But, If someone saw us...if someone else caught us...they would...judge. Someone like Hargrove...what would he think? Tommy asked why I was already going back, why I never bring girls back to the dorm like he does...a fraternity down I Bloomington is hoping I’ll join, but... what would they think of me...”

“Well, Steve...” Nancy said, tracing along his arms, “You’ll need to decide what matters...and if...”

“I don’t need to decide,” Steve said, gripping Nancy around the waist and squeezing her behind, “I know what really matters. I’m just being selfish and stupid...” Steve slipped around Nancy and moved to kiss Jonathan’s neck, “You two and the munchkins. You’re what really matters...” Steve said, giving Jonathan long, hard kisses that were almost certainly leaving bruises.

“We don’t...have...to...” Jonathan started. Steve glanced up at him, then started kissing down his chest.

“I’ll finished you up this way...how about that...” Steve said, kissing along Jonathan’s chest and belly until his lips were sliding up and down Jonathan’s shaft. It didn’t take long before Jonathan was moaning and gripping Steve’s bed sheets. Nancy kissed Steve’s side for a bit, then started to work on Steve. Jonathan groaned fitfully and grabbed Steve’s hair when he finally came, which Steve wasn’t totally ready for but dealt with as best he could, then Nancy finished Steve up shortly after. Finally, Steve and Jonathan worked together on the girl, then the three of them clambered into Steve’s bed, naked,

panting, and surprisingly satisfied.